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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918

ATTEMPTS IN VERSE,

ON

Various Subjects.

BY

GEORGE HENRY SMITH,

LATE OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, BATH.

— *NEQUEO DORMIRE.* HOR.

BATH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY MARY MEYLER, ABBEY CHURCH-YARD.

1824.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

OFFSPRING of Silence and of old Decay,
Thou of the moveless form, and evil eye,
Upon thy shrine—albeit unwillingly,
These my novitiate verses do I lay——
And reason good such homage I should pay,
For they were breathed by one whose youthful flame,
The restless night, and day of added pain,
Have quenched—for thirty moons their mark and prey!
Accept, OBLIVION then, this gift of mine,
Framed by thy Subject, meetly is it thine.

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ATTEMPTS IN VERSE,

&c.

THE POET'S SOUL.

" *It* can unlock
" The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell."
MILTON.

'Tis a strange Soul—the Poet's,
Form'd in fantastic wise of Elements,
Which as the feather'd denizens of air,
Do dash their painted plumage 'gainst the bars,
The gross, essential bars, that stay their flight.
It yearns and tries to 'scape to other spheres,
To habitants more kindred to itself;
And with creative might doth fashion forth,

Scenes which are not existent but in thought,
And yet to it reality become.
It looks into itself, and findeth there,
Germs which when ripen'd by the sun of words,
Grow into beauty and assume a being;—
Glossing themselves in ev'ry various hue,
From bright to dark, from Night's sepulchral shade,
To the streak'd flushes of the Infant Morn.
Nor is it alien to the things which are,
But views them thro' a medium of its own,
Lending to Life Inanimate the grace,
And the too visionary charm of mind.
And it doth love in wild, Chaotic sort,
To give to grief and joy a deeper power,
The Is, and Is not blending, till it frames
A formless Influence, overawes itself,
Which makes its bliss a pain, its pain a Hell.
And Man who was to it e'en now, as one
Of glorious kind, nor deem'd in aught below,

Of dignity or worth that blessed race,
The beauteous mean of Made and Uncreate;
As images in sleep's distemp'rature,
Anon will seem to bear upon his brow,
The mark that speaks the spring of life within,
Like Egypt's wave—unholy and defil'd.

II.

The varying Seasons, and alternate
Face of Nature, as his so potent wand
Commandeth, are to the Poet present
Ever. Separate, or if he listeth,
Each will to other tell its moral tale.—
The rapid River shew, glancing beneath
The winged Sun-beams, then a flowless mass.
Display the Tree by raging storms uptorn,
Its verdant Saplings near it, all unhurt.
Unfold the smiling Spring, and perfect Year——
Then leaf-strewn Autumn's monitory look.

III.

Space and the Void are His. To span the sky,
Roam o'er the coral plains beneath the deep,
Outstrip the Winds, and from the frozen haunts
Of huge Leviathan, his icy towers,
And palaces of snow, to speed him quick
As Light progresseth—where spice-scented gales
Fan soothingly the Desert Roamer's hot
And Sun-stamp'd form, is even His.——
Not uninhabited the air to Him,
Nor without language, attractive, soul-fraught,
Impregn'd with choicest thoughts, fair truths and words,
That with their forceful spell subdue the mind.
To Him all seemeth redolent of Life.——
The mute to others holds discourse to Him.——
The Torrent from the rock; the Stream which like
A tim'rous Maid, seeks to conceal its charms
'Neath cov'ring trees; the love-inspiring Stars,
Bright harbingers of fav'ring shades to young,

And burning hearts; the Warrior Sun, who rides
O'er prostrate darkness in his car of flame;
The Moon, who bound herself the thrall of Night,
To gaze in secret on Endymion:—
All hold to Him the high, mysterious
Converse of Time, Immutable Decrees,
Eternity, the Wond'rous Voice which spoke,
And Chaos turn'd to—Fate, Life, Heav'n and Hell.

IV.

Like to the Clouds are His imaginings
For ever changing—sunning them in light,
Blushing the Bacchus blush the Ruby wears,
Then stainless as transparent Chrysolite.
Now gay Parterres, where every witching dye,
That Flora decks her tender Children in,
Disports its loveliness.
Now Anger's frowns they don, shroud in eclipse
Their vermeil Fancies, darken o'er the scene

With blighted Hopes, Passions that scorch, and make
Whate'er they breathe on—intensest Fire; Thoughts
Black and malignant as the low'ring scowl
The Arch Fiend wore, when met his envious gaze,
The First-born, bless'd, enjoying purest love,
While *his* convulsed breast did mock his own
Gehenna;
So ranging the abysses of the heart,
They revel in mere wantonness of woe!

V.

Yet is the Poet's soul
Gentle, shrinking. A Flow'r of Stranger climes,
Which, if it rudely be expos'd, to meet
The various temper of the Atmosphere,
Will droop and die. It must be car'd for
With fearful kindness, nurs'd anxiously, watch'd
With the fond tenderness that Mothers use
Their Babes withal.

Ah! it will not bear the wasting tempest
Of ruthless Scorn, and uncongenial Hate,
The blasting mildew of Adversity,
Or lightning stroke of withering Neglect.
But to Love—'twill cling as does th' enamour'd
Bulbul to his own sweet rose—nestle there
In tremulous delight, and then awake
Strains such as trance the sense in dreams of Heaven.
There is a Leaf whene'er the hand draws nigh,
Straightway retreats with vestal modesty,
And—as 'twere Sensitive—avoids its touch.
Type of the Poet's Soul! How much unmeet,
Alas! to struggle with this petty World—
To bide the war of Human Littleness!

" ——— a brave vessel,
" Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
" Dash'd all to pieces." SHAKSPEARE.

I saw a gallant vessel pass,
With flaunting ensigns sailing by,
And quick it cut the liquid glass,
And with the winds toyed wantonly.

The sea as pleased to bear the weight
Which trac'd such lusty furrows there,
Reflected back its noble state,
Its swelling sails and streamers rare.

The sun-beams played upon each mast,
Whose shadows bathed them in the wave,
The shore was soon behind it cast,
And fav'ring zephyrs promise gave.

But lightnings flash from Summer skies,
And thunders swell the Summer cloud,
Its peace the fraudful deep belies,
And gentle airs prelude the loud.

E'en when it bade the port adieu,
A speck above the horizon rose,
Which forced from the experienced few,
A sigh—its glories e'er should close.

Night lowered her veil without a star,
A stifled hum from ocean came,
Till burst the elemental war,
And sky and ocean met in flame.

Next morn I hastened to the spot,
From which I saw the vessel sail,
Anxious to learn perchance the lot,
Of that seemed built to brave the gale.

The drizzling mist and livid sea,
Balked many hours my curious eye,
But powerful feelings prompted me,
The search oft left—oft still to try.

At last, a stone's throw from the shore,
I spied a hull—I read the name,
And found (I have it still) an oar—
'Twas all was rescued of the *Fame!*

ON MRS. GREVILLE'S

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE,

AND THE

Answer of Lady Tuite.

Two Muses, known alike to Fame,
Whilom awoke a tender strain,
Though varying in its tone,
And as their accents struck the ear,
The most Indifferent paused to hear,
Compelled the charm to own.

A saddened measure breathed the First,
As if her gentle heart would burst,
With feelings deep and strong,
And as the Vale Stream chafing wells,
The Torrent from the Mountain swells,
So gushed her mournful song.

For racked and torn by others' woe,
She prayed her tears no more might flow,
Through sacred Sympathy;
Nor Love she asked, nor Grace to please,
But Heartlessness—if blessed with ease,
Or aught but still to sigh.

Her words the stamp of truth did bear,
And as they floated on the air,
In strange and plaintive sound,
I panted too for that cold balm,
The quick and throbbing nerves can calm,
And heal the mental wound.

The Sense which gives new pangs to Pain,
Nor Pleasure without thorns can gain,
Embittering Joy with Grief,
The Soul which turns at others' will,
And but to tremble can be still,
Moved as the breeze-fanned leaf,

The thoughts which prompt to serve mankind,
Exalt, yet oft distress the mind,
I then desired to lose,
Nor longer wished to feel that glow,
The Sensitive alone can know,
Bright as the Rainbow's hues.

As bright, but ah! as quick to fade,
And leave the dun and with'ring shade,
Of dark Ingratitude,
For still Deceit and Treachery,
Where all seemed Love and Amity,
Will damp the generous mood.

And aye the Sage will this aread,
"He leans upon a broken reed,
"Who trusts the Sons of Clay,
"To death the faithful Dog is true,
"But when no interest gilds the view,
"His Master never may."

As thus by that sad music changed,
I felt myself at once estranged,
From Sensibility,
And 'gan to muse in pensive wise—
I heard another strain arise,
Right sweet and soothingly.

As "Tenderest feelings still inspire,"
The Sister Muse had strung her Lyre,
And o'er its silver strings,
With touch of power her fingers strayed,
And soft, harmonious answer made,
To those lorn murmurings.

The charms of Love, tho' bought by pain,
The bliss that Friendship may attain,
The winning numbers taught,
And with each finer throb is given,
To show from Earth the path to Heaven,
Their melody was fraught.

The nobler passions of the breast
In blessing others to be blest,
To joy in others' joy,
To give the tear to Pity due,
And e'en towards Falsehood to be true,
Above its base alloy,

To prize "Affection's bonds as dear,"
And be the prospect dark or clear,
"Hope never to resign,"
And tho' the prey of aching Care,
In others' weal forget Despair,
They bade again be mine.

The mellow sounds with bland controul,
Their tuneful magic gently stole,
To lull my troubled mind,
And clearing every selfish stain,
Restored me to myself again,
Amended and refined.

ON THE SABBATH.

'Tis ever thus.—As on that first fair day of rest,
The slumb'ring Universe is hush'd in holy sleep,
When from the Void upcall'd the Earth and "vasty Deep,"
Ceas'd from Creation's work its God, and nam'd it blest.
Sinless and pure as Infant on the Mother's breast,
Seems this huge moving World to couch itself on air,
And in its solemn silence Man may hear confest,
Th' Omnifick pow'r of Him who bade it balance there.
—Freed from the thorny ills to which all flesh is heir,
So the Departed lie in most unconscious life,
(Dead to the woes with which this Waking Dream is rife)
Till the exhausted form the meet repose has ta'en,
To fit it to commence Eternity's vast reign,
And Nature does the look of Consummation wear.

A SIMILITUDE.

Moving beneath the Alders' grey and trembling shade,
But little gladden'd by the penetrating beam,
I mark'd, as Chrystal clear, a gently flowing Stream,
In a most solitary and romantic glade;
No murmur by its placid waters was there made,
Save when some rugged stone its creeping current broke,
And a faint gurgling cry, half check'd, as if afraid,
Whisper'd it felt and mourn'd the unprovoked stroke.
—Meet emblem this of Minds, that yielding to the yoke
Of lowly birth, have sighed perchance, but envied not,
Except the power of good those of more favour'd lot;
Nor rais'd complaining voice until some Soulless thing,
Piercing their 'Heart of heart' with Baseness' venom'd sting,
The chiding words has forc'd that but Forgiveness spoke!

Tribute to the Memory

OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Non tu corpus eras sine pectore."

Hor. Epist. iv.

I.

When to cold earth the Great return,
Wakes the slaved Harp its venal strain—
Nay Interest lureth men to mourn,
With courtly woe, in polish'd plain,
The worthless heirs of others' fame,
The Titled refuse of the Earth,
Whose only glory was their shame,
Their pride and blur an Honored birth.

II.

Peals the loud Lyre its proudest praise,
When Conquerors—conquered are by Death,
And prostitutes its choicest lays,
To honour crime, with Angel's breath.
Still does the Bard his verse bequeath,
To grace the dust a crown hath worn,
And weaves too oft a laurelled wreath,
By bloodshed filed, injustice torn.

III.

And shall unsung, unhonoured lie,
The lowly, innocent, and meek?
Shall talent, worth, unnoticed die,
And none to pay due homage seek?
Not one their praises love to speak,
Nor to their memory drop the tear?
Unpractised though my voice, and weak—
May not such theme its words endear?

IV.

Ah, Ye! who love the simple verse,
Which tells of rural joys and pains,

To hear an artless mind rehearse,
The peaceful lives of artless swains,
Who love the page where Nature reigns,
And holiest feelings point the tale—
View not with scorn these untaught strains,
But, sweetest Bloomfield's death, bewail!

V.

Yet humble measures well may suit,
The Minstrel of the "Farmer's Boy;"
Unmeet the passion breathing Lute,
Or regal Psaltery to employ,
His name to laud—whose chiefest joy,
Was still the shepherd's Doric reed,
And who in notes which cannot cloy,
Trilled the chaste music of the mead.

VI.

Sweet as the lark her carol pours,
When blithe she springs to greet the morn,
And pleasing as the hedge-row flowers,
Or the white blossoms of the thorn,

The rhymes his guileless tales adorn,
The modest thoughts those tales illume,
These still are ours—but Fate has borne,
Their gentle Author to the tomb.

VII.

Still waveth wood, and smileth dale,
Still streamlets lave the rushy soil,
And welcometh the morning gale,
The ploughman to his early toil;
Still careful housewives busy coil,
The snowy flax, and ply the wheel—
But He has left this worldly moil,
Who taught the world such scenes to feel!

VIII.

Though homely was his rustic style,
Nor blazed with gems from Classic lore,
It stole unto the heart the while
And Virtue's fascination wore;
Nor ever foul pollution bore
To taint the wholesome springs of youth,
Nor like the tempter Fiend of yore,
Gave haggard Vice the mien of Truth.

IX.

Aye reverenced be the poet then,
Who never sought the vain acclaim,
Of luring o'er his fellow men,
With worse than murder's deadly aim,
To worship at the Bestial Fane,
Where scoffing Sceptics worship pay,
And glorying in their mortal stain,
Reject the Soul—to cling to Clay!

X.

Alas! that Genius lends its grace,
By false ambition madly driven,
Its own bright splendour to efface,
And sinks to Earth—the powers of Heaven.
Not always is the chaplet given,
To deck the swift, or crown the strong,
And lays which have to virtue risen,
Alone to dateless time belong.

XI.

Then, Bloomfield, shall thy verse remain,
When prouder bards shall be forgot,

For Darkness must resign her reign,
The Light of Nature dieth not!
And happier far thy anxious lot,
Uncheered by Fortune's favouring sun,
Than who for gold their manhood blot,
Or follow fame to be undone.

XII.

Ye Rich, ye Noble, bow your head,
Writhe to the dust in conscious shame,
For Bloomfield sunk among the dead,
In sickness, poverty, and pain;
His honest breast knew not to feign,
Disdain'd the Laureate's varnish'd style,
Nor dared the sacred Muse prophane,
To win by lies your patron smile.

XIII.

Blush! Wealth and Power, if blush ye can,
That Merit should unsuccoured die;
That sharp Neglect's unworthy ban,
Should cloud the brow, and force the sigh,

Of Him whose Spirit now on high,
Pleads meekly for our sinful race,
And still retains that sympathy,
Your heartlessness could ne'er efface.

XIV.

Ah, Ye ! who love the simple verse,
Which tells of rural joys and pains,
To hear an artless mind rehearse,
The peaceful lives of artless swains,
Who love the page where Nature reigns
And holiest feelings point the tale,
View not with scorn these untaught strains,
But, sweetest Bloomfield's death bewail !

" How are the Mighty fallen,
" And the weapons of War perished!"
II. KINGS, c. 1. v. xxvii.

THE Spear and iron Sword shall rust,
'Neath the mouldering dews of Heaven,
Cease from poor dominion's lust,
Power is only lent—not given;
Put not in your strength vain trust,
Mark the Oak by Thunder riven!

The Victor oft in victory,
To Death his palm must yield,
The heart which never brooked to flee,
Distain the faithless shield;
Then shall the Raven—Conqueror be,
And claim the vaunted field.

See the snorting War-horse lie,
Tamed at last his breath of fire,
His armed Rider thus must die,
And like a flame expire,
The rolling Clouds his panoply,
The Wind—his praises' Lyre!

Who are they know balmy rest,
A couch of thoughtless sleep?
Who are they the only blest,
Know not the ever waking breast,
Or griefs too great to weep?

Do they claim the jewelled Throne,
Live they in the straw-roofed Cot?—
Kings may feel the inward moan,
Peasants through foul sin may groan,
Peace is only Virtue's lot!

FROM MARTIAL.

Epig. v. 43.



THERE is a bitter mingling with the sweets,
Which bubble purest in the fount of life,
For still unhinged by the rude jar of strife,
Is the truth-speaking hand that warmest greets—
And ever as inconstant Zephyr fleets,
Does ficklè Friendship waver to and fro,
Its pleasure but the prologue to its woe,
Both, both the deepest this frail being meets:
Behoveth then its beauteous smiles to shun,
Who basks in warmth—most feels the clouded Sun.

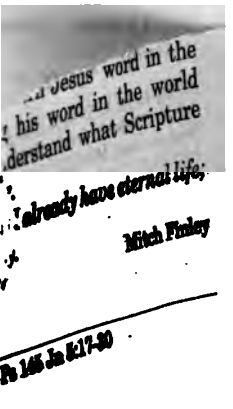
FROM MARTIAL.

L. v. *Ep.* 43.

Obedient to capricious Fortune's will,
Or got by heirship, or by patient toil,
The "yellow monster of the ebon soil,"
Productive, as 'tis used, of good or ill,
Comes, goes, advanceth and retreateth still—
But there is wealth her fluctuating reign
Disdains, and will thine own to death remain,
Giver of joy, pure, and unchangeable,
Decayless, inexhaustible—attend—
'Tis that with which thou glad'st a hapless friend!

" I had not wander'd wild and wide,
" With such an angel for my guide;
" Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
" If she had lived, and lived to love me."

Verses in Old Mortality.



And is she gone—the fairest thing
That e'er was born to die?
And does she, like a flower in Spring,
Untimely frost-nipped lie?
The dream is past which brought me
And I have waked, ah, most unblest,
To sad reality!
Is it the dead who know their glo —
Only the Living feel the tomb.

The passing Sun-beam gilds awhile,
With momentary ray,
Thus thou did'st bend on me thy smile,
To give me glimpse of day;
That Orb must sink in whelming waters,
And Thou art now among Earth's daughters,
Art proved to be of clay,
Thy form of Heaven's own fashioning,
A victim to Primeval sin!

From the first dawn of reason's pow'r,
My heart beat but for thee,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
Endeared thee more to me.
The feelings which aroused my mind,
Were by the thought of thee refined,
And won to charity,
When the storm raged, and frowned fate,
To merit thee--I scorned to hate.

In life a Seraph, e'en as now,
To turn me from all ill,
My gentle monitor wast Thou,
Ah, would Thou wert so still!
My nerves are quick and aspen-like,
And 'gainst oppression prompt to strike,
I serve the thrall of will,
But thou could'st stay my frenzied hand—
Thou'rt gone, and now I singly stand.

Thy death has loosed the only tie,
Which linked me to my kind,
To look from them for feelings high,
Would be to weigh the wind.
I cannot crouch the slave of time,
Nor smooth the brow when care is mine,
Nor prostitute my mind——
Thou pure thyself thought'st others so,
Nor seeing, did'st believe the blow.

But o'er my soul have passions past,
 Which stamped their signet there,
I once—it was not doomed to last,
 Where Foul, alas, seemed Fair.
I erred, yet am not such as these,
Who can be—any thing they please,
 So Mammon pay their care,
No matter whatsoe'er I be,
Thou and the World are dead to me!

LINES

ON THE

Literary and Scientific Institution,

ERECTING ON THE

Site of the Lower Assembly Rooms,

BATH.

WHERE Pleasure once her gaudy standard reared,
And Folly as her chief Ally appeared;
Where cards, coquetting, gallantry, and dice,
By turns or passion raised, or avarice;
Where mothers led their daughters to the mart,
And Nature played but seconds unto Art;
E'en there where Vanity had placed her throne,
Soon will pure, tranquil happiness be known,
And Science shed her soul-ennobling light,
A Day Star rising on the fall of Night.

Bladud has now effaced the brand of shame,
Which blurred so long the fairness of her name;
And thanks to spirits of a higher kind,
Who feel the nobler stirrings of the mind;
Will wreathe the tasteful flowers of elegance,
On the firm columns of enlightened sense:
While from the fire she once bewailed with sighs,
Her best and proudest Ornament will rise!

Alas!—how light a cause may move,
Dissension between hearts that love!
* * * * * *

* * * * *

A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

Lalla Rookh.

I LOVED—they were no common fires,
Which then glowed in my veins,
Nor earthly flames, nor gross desires,
Wrought their most leprous stains;
The Element that speeds thro' space,
Lights the small stars, and glides in grace,
To where the Mermaid reigns,
Had sent its lightning through my frame,
And breathed a love, which has no name.

'Twas the first time that e'er I felt,
The whirlwind of the soul,
'Twas the first time that e'er I knelt,
To that unseen controul;
But ere I spoke to tell my tale,
Or dared to lift my feelings' veil,
Full many years did roll,
At least they many were to me,
For I had almost ceased to be!

One eve, when with her Vestal smile,
The pale Moon lit the sky,
And Nature looked as free from guile,
As infant sympathy,
With voice that gasped for failing breath,
And heart which as it quailed 'neath death,
Throbbed quick and fearfully,
I told how once that chaste Moon loved,
Grew bolder—and a blush approved.

From that soft hour new life was mine,
I seemed to tread on air,
And ev'ry Sun did brighter shine,
And ev'ry thing was fair.
But there are thoughts will rive the heart,
As once in Heaven did discord start,
And plant dissension where—
Like to fine instruments, the tone
Of either mind, did breathe as one.

Trifles there are which oft will rise,
Through very tenderness,
For still the Lover magnifies,
And woos uneasiness;
As April morns may witness clouds,
So some slight speck the soul enshrouds,
Where all was happiness,
As but a breath moves Alpine snows,
A look may summon bitterest woes.

I know—and yet could not say why,
Our hearts, alas! are twain;
But, ah! I feel 'tis misery,
Thus separate to remain:
My peace is fled, my rest is broken,
My smiles are tears, my doom is spoken,
What boots it to complain—
My only refuge now were madness,
Oblivion were my only gladness!

FROM PETROCCHI.

Io chiesi al tempo; ed a chi sorse il grande, &c.

I ASKED of Time—to honour whom arose
This stately building, Thou to dust hast brought?—
But rushing fleetly past He answering nought,
Spreading his sweeping vans through ether goes.

To Fame I say—or whence or what o'erthrows
Thy meed, which should vitality to worth
For ever give?—She vailed her eyes to earth,
And sighs and tears bespoke her humbling throes.

I now in wond'ring mood did turn away,
When, crushing as he trod, with haughty mein,
From stone to stone I saw Oblivion stray;

Ah! Thou, I cried, hast found full well I ween—
Burst thunder-like his voice—"The present day
Awards it mine—I reck not what hath been!"

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER MY FATHER'S PORTRAIT.

Ah! must those eyes which beam so bright,
They shew the honest soul within—
E'er lose their living, speaking light,
And wax—like waning tapers—dim?
No! as the stars which fade at morn,
When shorn of their peculiar ray,
By the excess of splendour shorn—
Their beams will then flash into—Day!

And must that cheek where vigour glows,
Couch'd on the roses ling'ring there—
That brow whose calm does still oppose,
The fret of Time, the rust of Care—

Must they surrender "dust to dust,"
And moulder in the mould'ring tomb?—
Wise is the voice which said—they must—
Eternity shall see them bloom.

COMPOSED FOR MUSIC.

When the flush'd hectic tells the tale,
That nought but Heav'n can more avail—
When as a vessel after storm,
Reft of its beauty sinks the form,
And the dim lustre of the eye,
Points ember-like to fires gone by—
Oh! what can fan the brow of death,
As sweetly as an Angel's breath?——
——The mem'ry of a life well spent,
Of days which have been innocent!

And what is there of Earth hath pow'r
To add fresh sweetness to such hour—
To brighter gild so peaceful bliss,
To wreathe a vict'ry like to this?——

To hear her voice who brought you forth,
Pronounce a blessing on your birth—
To feel the arms which nurs'd before,
Re-act the tender office o'er——
To know the gates unbarr'd of Heav'n,
By her through whom this Earth was giv'n!

FROM GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

Nume non v'è, dicea fra sè lo stolto, &c.

THERE is no GOD—the self-swoln railer cries,
There is no God the Universe to guide:
Tear off the bandage from his darkened eyes,
And let the living GOD appal his pride.
Is there no GOD?—let him behold denied
The baseless falsehood by yon starry sphere;
By his own features view himself belied,
And mark Eternity reflected there.
Is there no GOD?—the river's silvery stream,
The air inhaled—the ground where he reclines,
Plants, flowers, the winds, the sands, whate'er is seen—
Nought is so trivial but HIS stamp refines,
From whom they are and only could have been:
If not thine own, thou Fool, believe their signs!

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A MOST ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO NULLIFY "The beginning of Miracles in Cana of Galilee," *BY A CHYMICAL SOLUTION!*

I.

Ha! ha! the days of Miracles are fled—
As unsubstantial wind the sounding words
Smote murmuring on mine ear; yet did I smile
In bitterness of thought at boasted Sense,
And Human Reason—now clay-deified.
What—*he* whose days were number'd, truly too,
By that time prov'd prophetic voice,
Whose hallow'd sweetness blending with the Lyre,
Restor'd the moody King, and captive bound
The giant Madness—Threescore years and ten—

He, Corruption's child and prey, the emmet
Of a sand-hill—*he* aspire to fetter
Eternity, to grasp Omnipotence,
To mete out the was—the is—and shall be!
Alas! this is the tree whose tempting fruit
Is fair without, but rottenness within,
Grown on the shore of death its taste is Death;
The most deceitful *mirage* that e'er rais'd
The soul-parch'd traveller's hope;
The poison'd chalice, whose brim like Circe's
Shape transforming bowl, with honied wiles
Lures on to drink—the draught of hopeless woe.

II.

No Miracles! Sun, Moon, Stars, Ocean, Earth—
Are ye no more beheld?—does ancient Night
Resume horrific reign, and give ye o'er
To glut the maw of Chaos?
Or does a darkness film the eyes of men,
Like unto that which at the gates of Lot,

O'ercast the wine-flown sons of Belial,
And prov'd the present Deity? Yea thus,
E'en thus the seekers of th' accursed thing,
Who Titan-like would scale the Heav'ns, recoil
In strange confusion from the vain intent.
They who do understand not—how or whence
They are—still will they in mad perverseness
Omniscience claim! Still will the created
Judge the Creator! They finite match them
With th' Eternal! Still impiously say
Remodel this vast globe——these worlds in worlds—
Bow down to us and then arise our God!
Ye moths who in your ignorance approach
The light which blasts ye—eyes and ears have ye,
Yet see and hear not—as maim'd Dagon fall'n
On his own threshold, so are ye—the Mind
Was giv'n your guide, the foul and froward Flesh
Would fainly lead; the Word required obedience,
And unled—the ancient stumbling block
Is still the new!

III.

Thou Chymists' jargon and demoniac sneer
Of fam'd Man-born Philosophy—respond!
Why—'tis the tale of Pharaoh's Magi;
This can we do and this——this cannot do!
Look at yon Element
Ruling with lash of pow'r its subject Earth.
Which as remindful of her former wrack,
And forced homage, her proud hills o'erwhelm'd
And Cities devastate—when ocean gorg'd,
And batten'd on her slimy brood—sends forth
From hollow rocks, and precipices rent,
A low and wailing sound of inward awe,
Still moaning hoarsely on the weed-clad shore.
Look at that Element the wond'rous scourge
Of evil from the first, and manifest
Since then its delegated wrath,
In Egypt's war o'erthrown, John's scatter'd pow'r.
Behold it garb'd in storms what time shrill shrieks,
The seaman's fearful cry and numbs the ear.

That little sound of evanescent breath,
More eloquently speaks its faint record,
Than all the wisdom fetter'd by the pen!
Cherish the thoughts which then in myriad throng,
Inform to agony the lab'ring breast.
Time and Eternity combin'd their voice
To teach the lesson. Ponder it well o'er,
Give meditation scope, rein in thy pride,
And listen to the truths of parting life.
Or in its peaceful hour when the bright Sun
Glasses itself therein, and fragrant gales
Disporting, bathe their light wings in its wave—
In some shell scatter'd nook where nought is heard
Except the ripple's plash and sea-mew's cry,
There frequent sit in soft communion
With the still, sweet voice of Nature; baptise
Thyself in holiest calmest cares, whereof
Such scenes are rife; recal to memory
That Ocean's might when wak'd, its present sleep
Reviewing—humbled then thou wilt confess,
That all from life to death—is Miracle!

FROM CATULLUS

Apostrophe to his Brother's Memory.

Carm. lxviii.

SWEET Brother of my heart with thee I died—
My soul lies buried, Brother, in thy grave—
Thou graceful column of our house's pride,
Whose fall the look of desolation gave
The present, past, and future—ne'er shall wave
The blossom'd bough of hope again for me;
My all of happiness is in the cave,
The narrow cave which closes over thee.—
I move and breathe, but this is not to be.—
My studies, aspirations, all are gone;
No thought remains save thy loved memory,
No wish excepting for the time to come.
I call and am not answered—yet above
We two shall meet, and Brother, meet in love!

FROM HORACE.

To the Fountain Blandusia.

Lib. 3, *Ode* xiii.

Clearer than very glass!—the richest wine
Fountain Blandusia, were but duly thine,
That fond Devotion pours,
Nor yet uncrowned with flowers;
And I will give thee by to-morrow's sun,
A kid whose sprouting horns scarce turgid grown,
Vainly to war inclines,
And Venus' first designs,
For the young wanton slain,
Thy shady bank shall stain.

II.

The burning dog-star's most prevailing power
Touches thee not. Thou giv'st the freshening hour,
To the unyoked, wearied bull,
And wand'ring herd—aye cool!
And among noble fountains shall I bring
Thy name, as now the oak I soothly sing,
Which waveth o'er the rock,
From whence with bubbling shock,
And prattling murmuring,
Thy waters lightly spring.

FROM CATULLUS.

Invocation at his Brother's Tomb.

Carm. c.

O'ER much of land, o'er much of lonesome sea,
These saddest rites to pay, alas! I come—
That I may speak, though thou art mute, to thee,
And pour due offerings, Brother, on thy tomb.
Since ruthless Fortune's undeserved doom,
Thy dearest self from hapless me has ta'en,
But to address the dull and silent stone,
Which covers what *was* thee, may soothe my pain.
At least I'll fancy scatter'd not in vain,
These flowers which in Ancestral-wise I bring,
And tearful hope yon heaven-ascending flame,
Is to thy shade a grateful offering.
Brother! accept this homage of my heart,
And, O! farewell, thou who art not—yet art!

PARTING.

May the tears which gem those eyes,
Be the last they shed in woe,
May such deep despairing sighs,
Ne'er again thy soft breast know——
Think not that we part for aye,
If the heart can never alter,
Minds at least will still be nigh,
When affection cannot falter.

Youth is ours, and not in vain
Do we feel this hour of sorrow,
Night but adds a brighter flame
To the glories of the morrow.

Tempests may awhile obscure,
Clouds may dark our dawning Sun,
But its light will shine more pure,
When the day of wrack is done.

Fortune may our forms divide,
Yet our souls she cannot sever,
Let the worst she wills betide,
They shall be but one for ever.
Other worlds will still be ours,
Though the path be rugged thither,
Look at those are strewed with flowers——
Fair they are, but they will wither!

Nay, my Love, reproach me not,
There are feelings mock at show,
And the brain is seared and hot,
When the tear drop will not flow.
Let the cold and clammy dew,
Bursting from my burning brow,
Let my lips' forsaken hue,
Speak my desolation now.

Deem not 'tis I love thee less,
That I would thy grief beguile,
Thorny as is our distress,
May not hope yet wear a smile?
Like the promise-gilded sky,
I would see this hour appear,
And the storm-cloud passing by,
Only mark the rain-bow there.

Aye, Sweet, strain thee to my heart,
Would thou could'st for ever twine,
Grow about me as thou art,
Closer than the nectar'd vine,
Cheek to cheek, and breast to breast,
Quivering lips that breathe together,
Where then the bolt which could molest,—
The tempest but would vainly gather!

Ah! how can blushing fears arise,
That because thy love is shown,
In this hour of agonies,
Fetter'd by no world-wrought zone,

I should deem thee, Sweet, less wise,
Less maiden-pure and innocent——
Who that heart would ever prize,
In parting hour by prudence shent?

Earth is chilled with freezing snows,
Which from her alone had birth,
'Tis in heaven the splendour glows,
Gives its beauty to the earth.
Bright as that which shines above,
Is the flame that burns in thee,
And my more tumultuous love,
Chastens with its purity.

May the tears which gem those eyes,
Be the last they shed in woe,
May such deep, despairing sighs,
Ne'er again thy soft breast know—
Think not that we part for aye,
If the heart can never alter,
Minds at least will still be nigh,
When affection cannot falter.

TRANSLATION

OF

"A Wish,"

IN COWPER'S WORKS.

O matutini rores, auræque salubres, &c.

Ye dews of morn, ye soft, health-giving gales—
Ye fresh green woods where sweetest songsters sing—
Ye verdant hills and pleasant shelter'd vales,
With babbling streams the meadows watering—
Would that the calm delights which from you spring,
Keeping "the noiseless tenor of their way,"
(Unlike the troubled joys the world does bring)
Pure as I knew them in my vernal day,
Were mine! How have I wish'd unknown to stray
In such sequester'd scenes—and in such home
Wearing a still, unruffled age away,
To wait the trump that sounds the kingdom come!
Then, having closed a life where much was good,
Lie 'neath the silent stone, or humbler sod.

TO ****

Your brow is calm—and yet a sigh
 Low as a far-off bell,
On those bright lips will hovering lie—
 That modest kerchief swell—
And oft I think the sigh may be
Perhaps, a virgin thought of me.

And oh! how hardly I forbear
 The quick, deep, madd'ning bliss,
To snatch it from its flower-couch there,
 And die upon such kiss—
But then that brow so snowy cold
Tells other than the sigh has told!

I do not, would not ask thee break
The ties of maiden sense—
But there are silent ways to speak
The throbs of innocence——
They're learnt from all we gaze upon,
And that sweet blush, dear maid, is one.

If as beneath the ice-bound stream
The deeper current flows,
Within thy heart the living beam
Of first affection glows,
Ah! let thy radiant eyes discover—
The language known to loved and lover!

FROM CATULLUS.

Address to the Peninsula of Sirmio.

Sirmio! of ev'ry land and isle most fair,
Which gems the Water Ruler's changeful brow,
What luxury of bliss to breathe thine air!—
With what a mix'd, tumultuous, hurrying glow
I see thee—Home—again! And scarce e'en now
I deem that savage Thrace is left by me,
So strange it seemeth quietude to know,
So more than blest to thus revisit thee.
Oh! what than freed from moil can happier be,
The mental burthens careless to resign,
And home return'd from foreign drudgery,
On our own long'd-for bed each night recline?

This, though only this repay,
 The toilsome labours I have known—
O! beauteous Sirmio, hail!—and may
 Thy Master find his welcome home,

Wish'd cheerily from all around,
 From rustling woods, from rippling streams—
And shouts of merriment resound,
 From all his gladsome house contains!

PARAPHRASES OF VARIOUS PSALMS,

&c. &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Sad thoughts came o'er our troubled minds,
That sullen long had slept—
Our harps we hung for stranger winds,
To sweep their chords—and wept.
For Zion's land to memory rushed,
And as the dark Euphrates gushed,
In foaming pride along—
Remembrance rose of Jordan's stream,
Of Cedron's brook—the placid theme,
Of many a holy song.

The haughty foes who Israel swept,
In God's avenging ire,
From us of all we love bereft,
Our native lays require.
The song of joy, from men of woe,
The hymn which should from freedom flow,
With insults they demand;
But how can we from Judah far,
Raise cheerful strains to Zion's star?—
They perished with our land.

Oh! Salem—where our fathers prayed,
Where still their ashes lie,
From thee our hearts have never strayed,
To thee can never die—
If I forget thy hallowed ground,
If wanting in my zeal be found,
Grave of my sires to thee,
May burning madness sear my brain,
May impotence and deadly pain,
My rightful suffering be.

Proud Babel, thou exultest now,
Yet now is sealed thy doom,
To-day—thou proudly rear'st thy brow,
To-morrow—shalt be gone!
Thy stately towers shall perish all,
Thy temple in a breath shall fall,
By retribution just,
The Lord of Hosts thy fate hath spoke,
And quicker than dissolving smoke,
Thy palaces are dust!

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Bright eyes are there whose glances shine
Like molten gold upon the wine,
And foil the cresset's mimic glare,
Though myriads shed their splendour there—
The quick'ning beams of soul-lit eyes
Flash from a thousand canopies.

And music floats—with harmony
Of many a rich, voluptuous sigh,
More tender than the fragrant breath
Which lulls the Indian bird to death—
A Prince of Babel sits beside
Each zoneless girl in " pomp of pride."

Belshazzar has ordained the rite
Of Belus shall arouse the night,
And crowns the mystery of sin
'Mid cymbal's clang, and trumpet's din,
Bidding in godless rite to drain
The hallow'd ewers of Salem's Fane.

Why does the Monarch pause?—the cup
Scarce from the table lifted up—
Why does he strain his bloodshot eye
Upon the formless vacancy?
The Monarch is upon his throne—
But God has spoke in words unknown!

There is a writing on the wall
Which mars this gorgeous festival—
A hand of fire has written there
As if it traced the parchment fair—
And the King has sunk upon his knee
And his looks are ghastly pale to see.

He gazes as though his heart were dead—
The crown has slipp'd from his suppliant head—
The crown has fallen, and its fall
Numbs ev'ry ear within that hall,
Where erst had sounded revelry
Loud as the spousals of wind and sea.

He has dash'd the goblet to the floor,
And stands erect as he stood before—
And he gives a signal—'tis his will
Chaldæa's Seers shall try their skill—
They scan that writing, and not one
Can read its meaning—no, not one!

A Stranger in the land, a Youth,
Stands forth to tell the words of truth;
A Stranger in the land, a Slave,
Baffles the lore of the wise and grave;
Holding their breath all turn their ear
The wisdom of his tongue to hear.

" King, O! King, these burning words
" Are Jehovah's—are the Lord's.
" And to-morrow's sun shall seal
" All through him I now reveal.
" Listen ! 'tis the Lord who speaks—
" Listen ! God the silence breaks !"
" Thou art weigh'd—the balance just
" Shews the lightness of thy dust—
" Persia shall thy land divide,
" Media take thy garb of pride—
" Doff thy mantle—quit thy throne—
" I, who AM, reclaim my own !"

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

C. iv. *v.* 13.

It was the still and darkling hour—
The midnight hour of sleep—
When Spirits rise in living power,
As whirlwinds tread the deep—
My soul sunk dead with palsied fear,
As if the day of doom was near,
And Nature's term was come;
Cold, clammy shiverings shook each limb,
While vainly strove my eye-balls dim,
To pierce the withering gloom.

A Form appeared—I felt its breath
 Play o'er my bristling hair—
It stood immoveable as death,
 In indistinctness there.—
A sickening silence reigned around,
As if impalpable to sound,
 Was Night's sepulchral cloak—
Each quivering pulse forgot its play,
In passive agony I lay,
 When thus the Image spoke:

" Shall frail Mortality presume,
 " To judge Omnipotence?—
" Shall Man—the captive of the tomb,
 " Exult in dreamy sense?—
" The meanest worm which crawls on earth,
" By God's commandment had its birth—
 " Clay-spirit, so hadst thou—
Thy strength is founded on the dust,
Thy light is darkness—He is just,
 Then low adoring bow.

The radiant forms that grace the sky,
 Are foolish in his sight—
And what are men?—the feeble fly
 Could crush them in their might!
The morning calls them into life,
The evening shuts the petty strife,
 Of fleshly vanity—
The mind which for a moment shone,
Quick as the lightning's flash is gone—
 Thou livest—but to die!

PSALM XC.

Since from the formless void arose,
At thy command this vale of woes;
Since Time and Man—a fleeting breath—
Began their doomed race of death,
From first to last, through ev'ry scene,
Thou hast, O Lord! our dwelling been.

Before the mountains sprung to birth—
Before thy word had willed the earth—
Before the wonders of thy hand,
Had mark'd the term of sea and land—
Thou wast—and to eternity
Thy essence uncreate—shall be!

As but a moment in thy sight,
Myriads of years complete their flight;
As yesterday when it is past,
In thy regard all cycles last;
As a night-watch to thee have flown—
The countless lapse of ages gone.

The sons of clay are thine—and lo!
As quivereth in the wind the bough,
At thy dread bidding so do they,
More than the shaken aspen play—
To death first turn—then by thy grace,
If thou but list—their steps retrace.

Their lives are like a troubled dream—
They pass as though they had not been—
But scarcely born they disappear,
Or ere that tongue can speak them here.
They live as did the wife of Lot—
A little while—and they are not!

Before thee—as before a flood—
Both rich and poor, both bad and good,
Roll on the waves of destiny,
To fathomless eternity.
View, Man! the flower which buds at morn,
And fades at eve—such thou wert born.

For witnesses at thy high throne,
Our sins, dread Lord, alas! are known;
And we by thy fierce wrath consumed,
Seem in this living world entombed;
We quicken, breathe, and then wane old—
Our life—a tale that hath been told!

Record your pilgrimage, O! men—
Are not your years—threescore and ten?
The longest term is granted here,
Doth like a vapour disappear;
And yet doth pain its paths attend,
Till Death is welcom'd as a friend.

Yet light has been the punishment,
On flesh and wilful darkness sent;
Thy vengeance been by mercy dealt,
For what exists thy power hath felt;
Mighty as is our inward fear,
Would thy exerted wrath appear.

O! teach us, Lord! the better part—
To wisdom lead our contrite heart—
Teach us our fitful days to count,
And knowledge gain from their amount;
And be to thy frail work restor'd
Thy saving guidance—mighty Lord!

May this drear night of tears and sorrow,
Disperse before a glorious morrow;
This sleep which lulleth not the breast;
Awake to virtue and to rest;
And all the evil of these days,
Be to rejoicing turn'd and praise.

O! may thy beauty light our soul,
We live in thee—Thou, Lord! the whole—
And all the wonders thou hast will'd,
And all thy glories be fulfill'd!
Be strength unto thy children given—
Regard thy work, O! God of Heaven!

TO MY MOTHER.

WHENE'ER I hear, or read, or see,
A filial action meetly done,
My Mother—then I think of thee,
And wish that thou hadst such a son!

Yet, ah! there lives not could repay,
The loving kindness thou hast shown,
From the sweet time I heedless lay
Upon thy breast—my dearest home—

To this mine hour of suffering here,
Which—though I reck not much of pain—
Would task me more than I could bear,
Did not thy love uphold my frame.

The tender, fond, attentive bird,
That lives but for her youngling brood,
Or her who when their cry has stirred,
To save her offspring yields her blood,

Are not by erring reason led,
But passive to omniscient will—
Yet thou when that frail state was fled
Protection claimed——thou gav'st it still!

When youth was mine (alas! 'tis yet—)
I mean the health youth should impart,
And thoughtless follies caused regret,
Thy tones have chid—nor words, nor heart.

And now if chance a fretful look
Of anguish born—doth wrong thy care—
Thy lips more healing than the brook
To the worn Hart—prevent my prayer.

Without thee, I had reached ere this,
The gate through which all Life must go,
Nor had my travel been in peace,
And now 'tis smooth as aught below.

And though dull earth to Earth will cling,
Oh! may I thus unnoted die,
If strength renewed should ever bring—
My Doom—in thy repenting sigh!

TRANSLATIONS FROM ANACREON.

ΕΙΣ ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ἐπὶ μυρσιναις τερειναις, κ. τ. λ.

Let me drink, my table crown'd
With myrtle and fair lotus flowers,
While with a rush his tunic bound,
Promptly the bright wine Cupid pours—
For Life rolls on its rapid flight,
Quick as a chariot's circling wheel,
And dust and ashes speak our might,
When death this mortal doth reveal!

Why then anoint the senseless stone,
Give me those perfumes while I live;
Why on dull earth such juice be thrown,
While yet I breathe the bottle give.
Be mine to chase away with wine,
And soft desires each anxious care;
Around my head sweet roses twine,
And call my Love, my joys to share.
Before I join the gloomy crew,
Slow pacing the Tartarean bowers,
My steps with ev'ry flower I'll strew,
That bourgeons in this world of ours.

ΕΙΣ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΑ.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνὸν, κ. τ. λ.

I LOVE to see the Old Man smile,
And with mild cheerfulness beguile,
The sad decrepitude of eld,
As if his soul can ne'er be quelled.
But not to view the sunken eye,
Lit by Desire's poor mockery;
But not to mark the wither'd frame,
To youthful pleasures lay its claim,
And with weak, tottering, step advance,
Pitied and scorned—to join the dance!
Leave, Dotard, to th' elastic form,
Which buoyant health, and grace adorn,

The Wild-fire Passion to enjoy,
That can but work thee dire annoy;
To verdant Youth's fresh, primy spring,
Yield the light dance's mazy ring;
And know whene'er in age we see,
This lamentable gaiety,
Its hair and sense at variance seem,
The one is Grey—the other Green!

ΕΙΣ 'ΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

Λέγουσιν αι γυναικες. κ. τ. λ.



Thou'rt Old the women say,
Thy wrinkled forehead bare,
No ringlets longer play,
Around thy temples fair.
Take, take a glass and see,
Thy Youthful honours flown,
In vain they cry to me,
My spirits are not gone!
Besides how foolish 'twere,
So near unto the grave,
To waste in vain despair,
The little time I have.
The less its moments are,
More joyous Age should be,
Nor will I give to care,
One hour of revelry.

ΕΙΣ ΛΥΡΑΝ.

Θελω λέγειν Ἀτρειδας, κ. τ. λ.

I SOUGHT a warlike strain to sound,
Of names well known on tented ground,
The pride of war—the thrilling peal
Of jarring spear, and clanging steel—
The shriek of death, the raven cry
Of slaughter, and of victory.—
But in vain I swept each silver string,
My Lyre of Love alone would sing,
Love, Love, perversely murmuring!

I changed the chords—and waked my Lyre,
With firmer hand and nobler fire,
With throbbing pulse and gushing vein,
And soul which panted high for fame—
But in vain I swept each silver string,
My Lyre of Love alone would sing,
Love, Love, perversely murmuring!

Then in despair I threw it by,
Resolved another Lyre to try,
And sing the Champion of his land,
The terror of the robber band,
Whose patriot toil and hardihood,
Still battled for his country's good—
But in vain I tried each silver string,
Only of Love *that* Lyre would sing,
Love, Love, perversely murmuring!

Farewell then, high, heroic deeds,
And glitt'ring arms and prancing steeds;
Farewell the trumpet's brazen tone,
The shout—the blow—the dying groan—
For Love breathes ev'ry silver string,
My Lyre of Love alone will sing,
Still Love and Beauty murmuring!

Songs.

'TIS THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

'Tis the Land of the Brave, whose bright sheen thro' the dew,
Gems the dark rolling wave with its Emerald hue;
'Tis the Land of the tale from the blue sunny eye,
On whose glances young Eros in fire loves to fly;
There still breathes the true heart, there still grasps the true hand,
And the "Altar of Strangers" still hallows the Land!

Yes! there white and unsullied the thoughts of the mind,
Quick as form'd, pass the lips, with the freedom of wind;
The lithe tongue is not there the base pander of art,
But in wrath, or in friendship interprets the heart;
Sacred honour, inborn, gives the guiding command,
And the "Altar of Strangers" still hallows the Land!

As the Bark nears the shore, in what loveliness smile,
The green hills, the flower vales, of Erin's dear Isle;
Its sweet colour of hope is yet flourishing seen,
Yet it wafts o'er the soul some fair fancy-wrought dream;
And if fades that fond dream at stern Reason's demand,
Yet the "Altar of Strangers" still hallows the Land!

THE HARP WHOSE NOTES, &c.

THE Harp whose notes are as the wing
Of Angels—swept its chords,
As Fancy's soul impregn'd each string,
Then breath'd herself in words,
Whence all the high emotions spring,
The mortal mind records—

Why—clay of clay must be the frame,
Which bears that Harp no love;
And chain'd to earth, and dead to shame,
Whose spirit does not prove,
The Patriot's glow, the Hero's flame,
MOORE's heart-sprung Music move!

With Erin's shall his name be twin'd,
By Freedom's holy hand,
The master-spell to rouse the mind,
Prometheus' fire-tipp'd wand,
By Nature's term alone confin'd—
The Sun that lights his Land ! *

* I am bound to solicit Mr. MOORE's pardon for thus detracting, if that were possible, from his name. It is indeed to realize the "*laudes culpâ deterere ingenî*" of the Poet. Yet having so generously condescended to grace and aid the trivial "Attempts" of an *utter Stranger*—doubly to grace them—by the subscription of his own name and that of Mrs. MOORE; not to have indulged in the above feeble manifestation of my present gratitude and ever-felt admiration, would pain me more I fear, than even if this liberty should unfortunately incur his, I confess, deserved censure. G. H. S.

CROWN THE GLASS WITH BUDDING FLOWERS, &c.

Crown the glass with budding flow'rs,
They will blossom round its spring,
And the dial of our hours,
Be the blossoms opening.—
Ev'ry drop such glass o'erflows,
Saves a fragrance prone to wither—
From its fulness beauty grows,
Pines with it—as born together.

Oh, then fill it! round its lip
Deeply blushing roses twine,
Till the vision as we sip,
Woman, be those lips of thine!

Fancy thus will paint the flow'rs,
But the heart true sweets will gather—
Wisdom ever strikes the hours
Truth and Fancy point together!

O! 'TIS NOT TO DROWN, &c.

O! 'tis not to drown sense that we circle the bowl,
But to sharpen the wit, and enlighten the soul—
To refine in this frame the cold leaven of earth,
And to cherish the heart with the bland dews of mirth.
Aye a mirth that is light as the birds of the air,
And that whistles like them a defiance to care,
Which will rove like the bee in its sunniest hour,
And tho' rifling its sweets—never injure the flow'r.

Mark you not in the juice of the eloquent vine,
How the light of the Sun will for centuries shine—
How it chills not with age, nor grows callous to sense,
But still tremblingly blushes—like truth in suspense—

Then believe that it mantles e'en thus in our blood,
And awakens each pulse to the noble and good,
That fair Friendship's the Genius presides o'er the glass,
And our Country the watchword by which it doth pass.

Whilst the brightest of eyes with fresh lustre it gems,
And throws over the grave a " gay garnish of whims,"
Jest, and Wisdom, and Laughter float mingled along,
And the Sage, and the Simple shake hands in the throng—
As the colours which smile in the hope-painted bow,
With the hues of Affection the bosom does glow—
And the softest of feelings then softer we prove,
As they spring from these showers, and ripen to Love!

HAPPY THOSE ARE SKILL'D, &c.

HAPPY those are skill'd to tell
Thoughts of love, with words of art—
I can only sigh and feel,
Thou, sweet girl, hast all my heart!

Yet, methinks, they cannot know
What it is to thrill with love,
Who can speak in studied flow,
All the pains they say they prove.

Passion floats not on my tongue,
But it coils around my breast,
Cares which in smooth numbers run,
Seem to quit a mind at rest.

As thou wert the Star of eve,
I in silence worship thee—
Wouldst thou have me cease to grieve,
Like that star, oh! smile on me!

IT CHANC'D NEAR A STREAM, &c.

It chanc'd near a stream,
That *Affection* was straying,
Observing the beam,
On the bright waters playing.

Now plucking the flow'rs,
On its verdant banks growing,
Now listening hours,
To the winds gently blowing.

Now watching the bee,
As it gather'd its treasure,
Or birds on the tree,
As they trilled their sweet measure.

But while she intent,
Two young doves was observing,
Nor saw where she went,
From the beaten path swerving—

Esteem—who her course
Had been quietly viewing,
Now hasten'd perforce,
To prevent harm ensuing—

As tripp'd by a bush,
The wave brought her to thinking,
He stretching a rush,
So preserv'd her from sinking.

Such services prove,
Still the road to soft greeting,
They married—and *Love*—
Was the fruit of this meeting!

THE LAST DAY, (A FRAGMENT.)

" The cited dead
" Of all past ages to the general doom
" Shall hast'n " MILTON.

* * * * * Methought I lay
On a bleak Mountain's bare, and singed top.
It seem'd I dreamt, yet it was not a dream—
The things I saw did rise distinct as truth
In palpable reality, and
Brooded o'er my soul, dark as the Night Hag's
Leaden-winged Imps. I was there conscious,
Alive to sense and feeling, but pow'rless,
Dead to will, fetter'd down to the hard rock,
Like him—the Heaven defrauder—on whose heart

Consumeless yet consumed—the Vulture prey'd.
My ken did scan Earth's farthest bounds, tho' light
Was none, save such as glimmering shews
The Charnel-vault, when at grim noon of night
The Great are buried there. * * *

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Sad portents strangely shook the lab'ring Sky,
And ever and anon rain'd sudden show'rs,
Which, like to wrong'd parent's curses, blasted
Where'er their hot floods fell—they were of blood.
Then would winds arise even as the sound
Of many waters. Nothing could resist
Their gushing sweep—palace and hut alike
Turn'd dust. At times would silence reign—of all
That was most horrible.—The Sun and Moon
Were not. Where they had shone two Forms appear'd
Resembling yet unlike—of the same kind,
Yet in degree and power dissimilar.—
Their office was with Men, but different,
The One to save, the Other to destroy.

* * * * * * * *

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* * * * The Fam'd of olden time,

First Hunter of Mankind, who madly sought
To scale the Empyrean, but to fall
From greater height: They who did heaviest
Burdens lay on Israel (sojourning
In a strange land) to build themselves—a Tomb:
The Serpent-born who fired Persepolis,
And bow'd his God-head to
The Genius of a Stream; with Him of Rome,
Who will'd Destruction's Fiend in murder revel,
Then spurn'd his fellows e'en for his subjects:
These, and all of bygone Time, or known, or
Noteless, did—upcall'd by those two Spirits—
Burst the grave, and take the yoke of either.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Much did I marvel to view the men, who
Had made Self an Idol, worshipp'd the Worm,
Laugh'd with derisive shout at Pow'r above,
Or retributive punishment below,

Made their imaginations lord of all,
Despis'd the wisdom of the Universe,
And wag'd vain Warfare against the Nameless—
Much I say I marvelled then to witness
These self-elected Deities, so sunk,
And abject,—uttering such yells—that I
Did strive in most appalled agony
To break my thrall—alas—what cries were those!

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Most did I wonder to see a being,
Of that devoted race is said to spring
From Cain (which tho' of human shape, men hold
To have no soul, or sense beyond the brute—
But do condemn to toil 'neath scorching suns
And force with goad and scourge unto hard tasks)
His back all seam'd with scars, his furrow'd brow
Sear'd with the iron's ignominious mark,
His hands and neck fast manacled, the foul
Gore streaming still from festering wounds—look
Tow'rds the brightest Spirit, the Minister
Of mercy—with glance which seem'd to ask—is

It yet my time?—Straight a voice, melodious
And commanding as the strain of silver
Trump, proclaim'd his humble name, and bade—
Arise!—Then did I witness instant change,
More wond'rous than the Phrygian sorceress
Work'd—on aged Æson! The mark was giv'n
His tribe, not for destruction—but defence—
(Tho' by us forgetful, or disdainful,
Misinterpreted)
Gave way to snowy radiance—splendours
More than mortal, beam'd from his lustrous eyes,
And form'd a rainbow halo round his head—
Ambrosial ringlets clust'ring fell o'er wings,
Whose lucid, azure blue, was dropp'd with stars—
These did he graceful spread, and soar on high,
While soft symphony of hov'ring Seraphs
Welcom'd their new-born brother. That very
Moment, the other, darker Spirit spake——

* * * * * * * *

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THE END.

I might justly insert among the Errata an apologetic note, which should have been annexed to the second of the "Translations from Anacreon." But as of all his Odes it perhaps (beautifully simple and heart-flowing as it is) affords the fairest pretence for the bad taste of a "Monkish Parody"——this and the consideration of my frank avowal may be sufficient to render my want of keeping less inexcusable. G. H. S.

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To each and every Individual named in the following List, I beg to offer my sincere thanks. Perhaps this unequal return for their kindness, ought to have formed an introduction to the foregoing rhymes. But to have diffused the simple enunciation of a natural sentiment through the measured periods of a Preface, were not only to have impaired its earnestness, but to have hazarded the "multa fidem levant" *of the laughing Satirist.—And although the few friends to whose zealous endeavours I am more particularly indebted, are—I feel gratefully aware—no less disinterestedly regardless of acknowledgment, than I am incapable of its due expression; yet (not to wrong my heart as well as understanding) when I assure them that "their pains are registered where every day I turn the leaf to read them"—let them believe the language alone borrowed, and they will do me but justice.* *GEO. HENRY SMITH.*

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